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ORATION

DELIVERED BY

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AT

MEMORIAL SERVICES

AT

GREENFIELD, OHIO

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1901.

goodness enthroned her in the hearts of mankind. Had she possessed greatness she would have gone down in history as one of the few immortals.

Napoleon was great not good. He was feared not loved: McKinley was both great and good. He was loved not feared by his friends and he is one of the few who will not be forgotten when marble crumbles and bronze doth fade.

The most eloquent of all Americans standing at the tomb of Napoleon weighed him in the balance and found him wanting. Realizing his greatness he deplored the absence of goodness when he said "I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman that ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun, I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been Napoleon the Great."

Thank God this eloquent but

scathing denunciation cannot be hurled at the man we love. He was Napoleon and peasant combined. He rose from a humble position to an exalted station by his own effort, but his ambition never stifled the impulses of his heart and his greatness never thwarted the charitable impulses of his nature. Orphans and widows never shed tears for his glory. The cold hand of ambition did not push aside the woman who loved him.

The American people love to think of him saber in hand dashing forth in the defense of the flag. They love to think of him standing erect in the halls of Congress pleading his cause with magnetism and with power. They love to think of him as a peer among the rulers of the earth, but they prefer to think of him laying aside the scepter and the crown, turning a deaf ear to the plaudits of the world, and in the purple twilight sitting beside her, who now weeps at the open grave at Canton as she quietly knits as the day dies out of the sky.

McKinley was a poet. His poems are not in verse, but in epigram and in prose. His mother lies dying. The cares of State are forgotten. The wires flash the tender message—"Tell mother I am coming"—and this poem of devotion, this crystallized fragrance of the heart will be a lasting tribute to motherhood. He loved the fields,

the flowers, the birds. "I want to see the trees they are so beautiful," a poem of the soul, a poem to nature by nature's nobleman.

He was a friend, loyal and true. His ambition was great but to him friendship was a sacred tie, a hal-
lowed plight of heart to heart which the dreams of destiny could not annul and the fires of ambition could not consume. Tested above all men in occident or orient since the dawn of time, tempted with the coveted gem of christendom, he stood unscathed and unsullied amid the clamor of king-makers and in the name of friendship refused the greatest gift in the power of man. His life has added luster to the charms of friendship and his refusal of the highest position in the world rather than betray a friend will be cherished by generations yet unborn.

The deceased President was not an actor, he was real. He once plucked a rose from his bosom and placed it in the soiled hands of the engineer who had brought him safely to his journey's end. One of the graceful acts of which his life was full. An act which if done by any other would have been considered common-place or a deed to obtain applause. Men may act when the skies are bright but they forget to act in the sudden storm. His acts and words were as noble and true in the sudden moment of his affliction

as they were in the calm hour of reflection. Love for wife, charity for the assassin, comfort of others, flashed across his bewildered mind as he stood on the brink of the grave crimson with his own blood.

He possessed in a remarkable degree the power of drawing all men unto him. He was at ease in the drawing room of kings. He was at home in the cabin of the peasant. This day is not a day of formality; it is a day of grief and sadness. The millionaire leaves his desk, the pauper leaves his hovel and weep together because both have lost a friend.

The plow stands in the furrow. The music of the anvil is dead. The spindles are idle. The spotless fields of Dixie are deserted. The flag which rides on the bosom of the deep is veiled in crepe. The countless sons of toll, the rulers in high places and the chiefs in the synagogues, in imagination at least, gather at the grave of the departed and weeping pay a last tribute of respect to the one so dearly loved.

He had his enemies. A woman may live without enemies, but the man who has no enemies is either a puppet or a coward. He was loved by friends and feared by foes. His enemies however were public not personal and amid the universal grief of a stricken people enemy cannot be distinguished from friend for the sorrow of both is profound.

He was human. He had faults, but his graces, his charity, his virtues were so great, so commanding, so adorable that his defects shall be forever blotted out and remembered no more against him.

Washington placed himself upon a pedestal, a cold and super-human being to be admired but not approached. He was great, he was good, but his heart never beat in sympathy with the people. McKinley was a man of the people. He shared their joys. He sympathized in their sorrows. His heart beat in unison with theirs and these traits of his character will be remembered when people have forgotten that he wore a sword or commanded the applause of the listening multitude.

McKinley knew no north, no south, no east, no west. The prime ambition of his life was to lead the wandering misled boys in gray back to the old fireside and to instill in their minds the lesson which for thirty years had been incomprehensible, that their sins had been forgiven and that the stars and stripes were theirs once more.

The north was unprepared for the lesson from the master mind. We stood appalled, we thought our chieftain had gone mad, when the magnanimous McKinley stood amid the cotton fields of Dixie and issued that wonderful decree of charity and amnesty, that in the providence

of God the time had come when this government should crown with oak her defamers and bedeck with roses the graves of the men who had battled for her destruction. But when we recovered from the shock we said "McKinley thou art right." And when the south recovered from her amazement she applauded her benefactor in the spirit of fraternity. Above all men living and all men dead, our fallen leader dispelled the hostility and cemented north and south in bonds of love. The boys in faded gray and tattered blue today clasp hands over the speechless form of the great peace-maker who was slain in the hour of his triumph just as the belated doves were bringing home the olive branches.

Assassination and not lingering disease struck this man down in the plenitude of his power and usefulness. In the words of the one nearest and dearest "They elected him; why did they kill him?" She did not know that he was killed for the sole reason that he had been elected, for the sole reason that he was the visible embodiment of the State. His slayer was not his personal enemy, but an uncompromising foe to legalized society which McKinley represented.

Through the web of history runs the crimson thread of atonement woven by an invisible hand and I believe by the same hand which in-

stituted divine atonement when the veil of the temple was rent in twain. Blood, precious human blood has purchased and cleansed all that is good, all that is beautiful, all this is lovely, all that is immortal, in home, in state, in church.

The American people were in a lethargic sleep, and that the scales might fall from our eyes, that the innocent of the future might be saved from the ravages of war with anarchy, the infinite God demanded atonement through personal sacrifice. And as the Jews mingled with the incense of the altar the perfect dove and the lamb without blemish, so the High Priest of earth and heaven demanded the chief, the best, the purest and the dearest as a sacrifice on the altar for the safety of our country and the honor of our flag.

The most pathetic monument to devotion and self sacrifice that I have ever seen is the famous Lion of Lucerne overlooking the placid waters of the Swiss Lake. Carved out of a solid cliff the noble Lion reposes in a huge niche, suffering the agony of death, pierced to the heart by a poisoned dart, with his huge paws resting upon and defending the white lilies of France. The Lion represents the Swiss guard who perished in the defense of a French Queen when French soldiers had deserted her. But to my mind that Lion also represents

the martyred McKinley, pierced by the dart of the anarchist while defending the beautiful lilies, the fragrant lilies, the immaculate lilies of American liberty.

He died for us. His death must not be in vain. We must live true to his memory. Soberly, dispassionately, thoughtfully, without malice but with charity for the poor wretch who took his life, everyman, woman and child who loves the stars and stripes should this day raise their right hands to Almighty God and swear by the open grave of the slain that since anarchy killed McKinley, we shall annihilate anarchy.

Allow me to paraphrase the words of Lincoln upon the field of Gettysburg and I am done. "It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that he has thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from this honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that Wm. McKinley shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"Goodby all, Goodby! It is God's way; His will be done."



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